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California Songs

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August 27th, 1910.

CALIFORNIA SONGS

By

R. A. S. WADE

Author of

"The Parchment" and other Poems

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BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

NEW YORK AND BALTIMORE

835 Broadway 1722 N. Calvert

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201438

California Songs

THIS BOOKLET IS DEDICATED

To the Friends who dream
By the mountain stream
Where the laurel trees are growing;
To the Friends who meet
In the village street
Where the prairie wind is blowing.

To the Friends who gaze
Where the heavens blaze
And the lightning's gleam is flashing;
To the Friends who stroll
Where the breakers roll
And the ocean waves are dashing.

To the Friends who toil
In the ceaseless moil
In the mart of the busy city;
To the Friends who pray
For the souls that stray
Where there's neither love nor pity.

To the Friends who work
In the sacred Kirk
With an ardor unabating;
To the Friends who lie
Out beneath the sky
Where the silent dead are waiting.

To the man whose life
Is an endless strife,
Where the air is oft mephitic,
In a fruitless fight
With the men who write,
To our dauntless friend, the critic.

—R. A. S. WADE.

2229 Morcum Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 24, 1909.

LA CAÑADA.

Have you been to the vale
Sweeping up from Glendale
When the wind blew a gale
In wild La Cañada?

Have you wandered at will
When the night wind was still
And your heart was athrill
In the vale, La Cañada?

Have you sat half asleep
Where the shadows were deep
When the summer nights sweep
O'er dark La Cañada?

Oh! the fairest that grows
Is the soft-tinted rose,
When the summer wind blows
In bright La Cañada.

There the flowers never die;
There the mountains are high,
And their peaks touch the sky
Around La Cañada.

There the piteous wail
Of the unmated quail
Strikes the heart like a flail
In fair La Cañada.

There the mocking bird trills
All the music that thrills
The glad heart in the hills
'Round dear La Cañada.

And the turtle doves greet
Their fair mates when they meet
With their cooings so sweet
In sweet La Cañada.

And the lights of Mount Lowe
In the summer nights glow
Where the wildflowers blow
By fair La Cañada.

There the splendor enthralls,
And the light grandly falls
On the Gould castle walls,
By fair La Cañada.

Oh! the mist-shrouded hills
And the grandeur that fills
Every heart till it thrills
In fair La Cañada.

Not a sad bell may toll;
Not a shadow may roll
O'er the undisturbed soul,
In calm La Cañada.

There no tear dims the eye
And no heart heaves a sigh
Where the summer birds fly
In fair La Cañada.

And no mortal may weep
Where the silent years sleep,
As the centuries sweep
O'er fair La Cañada.

There the soul is at rest,
And the spirit is blest
In the vale we love best,
In dear La Cañada.

And the day and night seem
To glide by like a dream
Where the softest moonbeam
Falls on La Cañada.

There is nought that will cloy,
There's no trace of alloy
In that valley of joy,
The sweet La Cañada.

'Tis an unhappy day
When the sad heart must say,
As it wanders away:
"Farewell! La Cañada!"

YEARNING.

I looked through my window away at the scene
Where mountains were clothed in their vestments of green,
While tints that were rarest
And hues that were fairest
Lent charm to the hills and the valleys between;
I gazed at the vision,
The beauty Elysian,
And wished I might roam in that region serene.

I hopefully toiled o'er the hill and the dale;
I dared the enchanting Sierras to scale;
  But foot-sore and weary
  And heart-sore and dreary
I sought for the beauty but nought would avail;
  The charm so alluring
  Had proved unenduring;
The beauty had fled and I sought but to fail.

But farther away in the distance I see
Where mountains and valleys and hills seem to be
  In splendor enshrouded
  In regions unclouded;
Yet sometimes they seem to be closer to me,
  And show to my vision
  Those regions Elysian
And splendid enchantments that never will flee.

And oft as I gaze at the beautiful scene
Beyond the dim valley that stretches between
  My heart yearns to wander
  In peace over yonder
Among the fair hills in the meadows of green,
  Where tints ever blending
  Lend beauty unending,
That thrills the rapt heart in that region serene.

THE ROSE.

O, how oft do I go
  In the morning's first glow,
And more oft when the weary day closes,
  To my favorite nook
  By the murmuring brook,
Where so sweet is the scent of the roses.

In the shade of the trees
The industrious bees
To the nectar-filled flowers are clinging;
And the grasshopper's song
All the summer day long
From the neighboring meadow comes ringing.

When the evening is still
The low-whispering rill
Its sweet message to mortals is sending,
As it tells of the peace
We shall know without cease
In the gardens of bliss never-ending.

And there comes the soft beat
Of invisible feet
As the angels are gently descending;
While more sweet grows the rose,
And its richer tint shows
That the heavenly guests are attending.

And my heart-throbs most hush
As I breathe the sweet gush
Flung abroad by a heavenly pinion;
And the scent of the rose
Tells to men that it grows
On the margin of heaven's dominion.

LA MONTE.

La Monte, thy soft breezes
Bring perfume that pleases
Where bees gather nectar
From bloom as they fly;
Thy church bells are ringing;
Thy Christians are flinging
Their songs through the grovelets,
The gardens and sky.

Thy hearts, pure and tender,
True reverence render
To Him who directs them
In all of their ways;
And, e'er interceding
And earnestly pleading,
Seek grace to assist them
In perfecting praise.

And God ever guides them,
Whatever betides them,
And hears every prayer,
Every song that is sung;
And safe in His keeping,
Through travail and weeping,
They gather their dear ones
While yet they are young.

O, Saviour, be near them;
And evermore hear them;
And guide them and keep them
In all of their ways!
May their interceding
Bring others to leading
Their children to Thee
In the morn of their days!

LOS ANGELES.

As fair as the morning
She stands here adorning
This heaven-kissed shore,
Summer land of perfume;
Her bosom is swelling,
Her lips ever telling
Her lovers to haste to
Her beauty and bloom.

Though proud and commanding
She sweetly is standing
Her hands ever white
And her heart ever pure;
Her power extending,
Her youth never ending,
Her beauty immortal
As years shall endure.

THE MAGIC MINT.

A poet constructed a magical mint
That turned out its coin without limit or stint
From ore of his mining,
All sparkling and shining,
Enchanting the eye with its magical glint.

Its coinage was neither of silver nor gold,
Though anxiously sought by the young and the old;
It ran without ceasing,
Its coinage increasing,
Yet never the sum of its output was told.

The coin was accepted all over the earth;
Wherever the children of men knew its worth,
Where hearts had grown weary
And life become dreary,
It went and took gladness and music and mirth.

To rich and to poor, to the grave and the gay
This magical money was given away;
The poor and the needy,
The sordid and greedy,
Drew cash on their checks all the hours of the day.

It came to the home when the yuletide was near,
And ingleside glow filled the bosom with cheer,

And young hearts were beating,
And parents repeating
The rhymes, runes and rondeaus the young like to hear.

This coin was not stored up in cities and banks,
And loaned to the poor without pity or thanks;
It spread through the nations
In lavish donations,
Exalting, enlightening men of all ranks.

Nor carried in trains over mountain and lea,
Nor borne in great ships through the depths of the sea
To add to men's pleasures,
Or build up their treasures,
Where commerce recorded its binding decree.

But, treasured and held in the heart of a child
That played in the woods where the flowers grew wild,
Or strayed fondly dreaming,
This coin threw its gleaming
In visions that ravished and charmed and beguiled.

It burgeoned and grew in the hearts of the young,
And over their lives its enchantments were flung
By forest and fountain,
And meadow and mountain,
In tales that were told and the songs that were sung.

The coiner's soft tread in the gloaming was heard,
When sweetly the heart of a maiden was stirred,
As memories came stealing,
Her child-songs revealing
In sigh of a zephyr or song of a bird.

Or, kept by a mother when burdened with care,
Or sunk in the depths of the deepest despair,
With heart that was bleeding,
And lips that were pleading,
Its sheen threw a buoyance and radiance there.

HARRO.

When the boat had returned from the wreck
And had brought all the men from the deck,
  Harro, bold, brave and true,
  As the wind wildly blew,
Asked his men if they saved all the crew.

They replied that so fierce was the blast
A poor man, lashed high up on the mast,
  Had been left there to die;
  Though his prayer rent the sky
They had turned a deaf ear to his cry.

"I will bring him away. Who will go?"
Harro said, while the sleet and the snow,
  As it swept through the air,
  Filled his beard and his hair;
And the brave men were filled with despair.

"I will go! I will save him alone!"
Harro said; and his confident tone
  Filled the sailors with cheer,
  As a dozen drew near;
And they sprang in the boat without fear.

"To the wreck!" Harro said: "Pull away!"
At that moment in wildest dismay,
  In the tempest's wild roar,
  As the hand held the oar,
Harro's mother appeared on the shore.

"For the love of me, Harro, don't go!"
Cried the mother. "Dear Harro, you know
  Your dear father and Fred
  Both are lost; perhaps dead!
O, come back, my dear Harro!" she plead.

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He replied: "But the man on the mast
Is exposed to this pitiless blast!
  Is there no one to sigh,
  No dear mother to cry
And to wait for her son should he die?"

She replied not a word; and the boat
Sped away where the ship was afloat;
  But the sea was so high,
  And so wild was the sky,
That in vain was the lone sailor's cry.

When they thought that to try was to fail,
To be driven to death in the gale;
  When their last hope was fled,
  And the man all but dead,
Then the Teuton spoke bravely and said:

"When I hear that man's piteous cry,
It remains but to do and to die!"
  And the sailors, aghast,
  Said: "Good bye" as he passed
To his death or the man on the mast.

But he brought the man down from the mast;
And the boat flew away through the blast;
  To his mother he sped
And triumphantly said:
"O, dear mother! Dear mother! It's Fred!"

NOBODY KNOWS.

She comes to wash and away she goes;
And where she goes to nobody knows;
She has her griefs, her trials and woes,
But what her afflictions are, nobody knows.

Her face is faded as a last year's rose;
Was it one time beautiful? Nobody knows;
Her hand is small as she wrings the hose;
In youth who pressed it? Nobody knows.

When red her lips, as the blushing rose,
Who stooped to kiss them? Nobody knows;
When fresh her heart as the breeze that blows,
Who cruelly crushed it? Nobody knows.

Did they bury her lover beneath the snows
In years long vanished? Nobody knows;
Does her heart go back where the willow grows
In a far-off churchyard? Nobody knows.

What broken vows could the past disclose
That blasted her happiness? Nobody knows.
What slight or scorning chilled and froze
Her life's warm current? Nobody knows.

She rubs and wrings, as her thin face glows;
Is her heart wrung sorely? Nobody knows.
And over her cheek a lone tear flows;
What memory caused it? Nobody knows.

Her head is white as the winter snows;
What storms have tossed it? Nobody knows;
And when the wind of adversity blows
Is she kindly shielded? Nobody knows.

Is her life all toil and care and woes,
And bitter heart-burnings? Nobody knows.
If the end should come ere the day shall close,
Is there any to mourn her? Nobody knows.

THE LONG-AGO LAND.

Far over the prairie I wandered one day,
  Where the cattle were lazily straying;
And many a moment I loitered away,
  Where the murmuring breezes were playing.

I wandered where oft I had gone in the days
  When the flowers long faded were growing,
When life was made bright by the morning sun's rays,
  And the skies of my boyhood were glowing.

The flowers I rudely crushed under my feet
  Seemed to look at me earnestly pleading,
As if their fair petals were lips to repeat
  The sad story of hearts that were bleeding.

I gathered them there as my heart warmly beat;
  And though sadly disfigured and broken,
They told me a story so plaintive and sweet,
  Though the language they used was unspoken.

The story they told me you'd not understand;
  'Twas of years I most tenderly cherished;
Of friends I loved well in the long-ago land,
  And the roses that bloomed and then perished.

I dreamed of old years as the fleet moments sped
  Till the flowers were withered and drooping;
Of hopes, like the flowers, all withered and dead,
  Till their ghosts like dim shadows came trooping.

I sat and dreamed on till the moon lit the sky
  And the stars in the heavens were shining,
And till the sad notes of the whippoorwill's cry
  Joined the spirit's more plaintive repining.

THE GREY BOYS.

I send you a greeting to-day, boys,
And a shake, wherever you are;
I hope you are jolly and gay, boys,
And under a lucky star.

And here's to the dear old days, boys,
The days of the long ago,
The seasons of sled and sleighs, boys,
And speeding through tossing snow.

And here's to you when you are grey, boys,
And your steps are getting slow;
When you've fought through the thick of the fray, boys,
And your heads are bending low.

But many we loved in the years, boys,
For whom we tenderly yearn,
Who joined in our joys and tears, boys,
Are gone and can never return.

And oft in the silence I sigh, boys,
For those that have gone before;
And oft there's a tear in the eye, boys,
For those we shall meet no more.

The world has its bitter and sweet, boys,
A smile or a kick for all;
A place for our weary feet, boys,
Or an answer as bitter as gall.

But it's pretty much what we make it, boys;
It's tender, and crabbed, too;
It leaves you when you forsake it, boys,
And clings to you when you are true.

And sometimes it's beauty and bloom, boys,
With flowers along the way;
And then it's drizzle and gloom, boys,
And skies that are sodden and grey.

I've sometimes been pretty blue, boys,
While toiling along the way,
And wished I could be with you, boys,
And hear what you had to say.

And oft when I suffer wrong, boys,
And patience is put to the test,
The way seems weary and long, boys,
And I dream of the end and rest.

It'll soon be the crack o' doom, boys,
And rest and a dreamless sleep;
And they'll lay us away in the tomb, boys,
And others will toil and weep.

BLACKWATER CHAPEL.

I'll sing you a song of old Blackwater Chapel.
Where oft by the tree on the greensward we stood
While brave men who ever were ready to grapple
With duty sat there in the church by the wood;
Dear, faithful old men!
Time, time and again
They strove for the right and the pure and the good.

They stood for the right in the day of temptation
When strong men were quailing and hard was the fight;
They fought through the battle without trepidation,
Well knowing their Captain was ever in sight;
And while He was near
They never knew fear;
The yoke was made easy, the burden made light.

How fortunate was it that we were enfolded
In love such as theirs in the day of our need,
The years when our characters largely were moulded
And freely the tempter was sowing his seed;
With tenderest care
They guarded us there
Till precept had burgeoned and blossomed in deed.

Gregg, Gibson, the Wheelers, Scruggs, Chipman and Spurgeon,
Smith, Winston, the Siceloffs, were always on hand,
And Walker and Triplett, with seed that will burgeon
And blossom in beauty in many a land
Where children shall hear
Through many a year
The tale of that faithful, heroic old band.

I came to those men when my days were in danger
From pitfalls and snares that the young ever meet;
And though but a wayward, indifferent stranger
They sought me and guided my wandering feet
To ways of all truth,
And bound me in youth
By ties that have ever been tender and sweet.

They came to me often and earnestly pleaded
The cause the believer has ever held dear;
And while their good counsel too long was unheeded,
It burgeoned and grew after many a year;
They ceased not to plead,
But sowed the good seed,
Assured that the harvest would some day appear.

I firmly believe if kind fate had not brought me
Away from men given to grovel and grope,
Where evil companions successfully sought me,
And given me friends full of faith, love and hope,

As decades passed by
I might have swung high
And ended my days at the end of a rope.

When weighing the causes that tended to make me
The man that I am both for evil and good
I find my inquiries unconsciously take me
Straight back to the Church that stood there by the wood,
And those faithful men,
Who worshiped there then,
And ever for truth and integrity stood.

O, sweet and salubrious, fresh as the morning,
The atmosphere was that surrounded us there;
Those men, true and faithful, had nothing but scorning
For vicious and profligate people who dare
To cozen frail youth
To ways of untruth
And pleasure's mephitic, enervating air.

Hail! men good and true, who so patiently guided
Our feet in the way that led up to the light;
All honor to men who, when evil betided,
In tenderness turned us from wrong unto right;
Hail! men good and true,
Gone home, all but two;
Brave men who triumphantly fought the good fight.

JOHNSON WHEELER.

O, he was a wonderful
Man that was under full
Sail all his days to the
Regions of light;
Who stood in the front of the
Fray; and the brunt of the
Battle was fought where he
Smote with his might.

He constantly wrought in the
Cause and he fought in the
  Army that marched with the
  Banner of truth;
His voice ever rang and he
Joyfully sang, and he
  Brought men to God in the
  Days of their youth.

He strove with a will every
Task to fulfill; every
  Kind, loving word to a
  Neighbor to speak;
With heart full of cheer and a
Lenient ear and a
  Grasp of the hand for the
  Lowly and meek.

He ever besought us, and
Patiently taught us, and
  Led us in ways that the
  Master had trod;
Whatever betided he
Tenderly guided, he
  Lovingly turned erring
  Mortals to God.

Dear, faithful, old friend, he was,
True to the end; he was
  Found at his post till his
  Labors were o'er;
Then still grew the tongue that had
Guided the young, that had
  Pointed the way to the
  Heavenly shore.

And sweet be his rest in the
Land of the blest, in the
  Mansions above, where no
  Tears ever flow;

And where we shall meet him and
Tenderly greet him and
Love him again as we
Loved him below.

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ROSALIND.

Her life is a flower
That blooms every hour
And scatters its fragrance
Wherever she goes;
And brings to her mother,
Her father and brother,
A gladness that swells till
The heart overflows.

She shrinks from no duty;
And ethical beauty
Adorns every action
From morning till night;
The Light of the Saviour
Inspires her behavior
And guides her in ways that
Are joyous and bright.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

'Twas a winter day
And the teacher lay
In his bed too ill for teaching;
So he said he'd send
In his place his friend
Who had taught, though his work was preaching.

Brother Preacher went;
And the day was spent
In imparting truth and chiding;
And the sturdy youth
As he taught the truth
Up and down the aisle went striding.

Close beside the aisle
With suspicious smile,
Sat a youth, a husky creature;
And there seemed no doubt
As his foot stuck out
He was trying to trip the teacher.

With a tricksome slip
When he failed to trip,
The young man would then withdraw it;
But the trick was vain;
For it seemed quite plain
That the watchful teacher saw it.

But the lad was green;
And too dull, I ween,
To perceive that the man would watch him;
On his frolic bent
He was too intent
To perceive that the man would scotch him.

So it chanced at last
As the teacher passed
And the foot straight out came sticking,
That the teacher grabbed
And the foot was nabbed,
And was held in despite of kicking.

And the teacher put
The adventurous foot
'Neath his arm and went on walking;
And he never stopped
As the young man hopped
And the teacher went on talking.

And he taught and talked,
And he taught and walked;
And the pupils wrote and figured;
Brother Preacher smiled,
And the youth was riled,
And the pupils sat and sniggered.

DEBRIS.

He built him a house on a street that was clean
Where idleness, fashion and folly held sway,
Where statesmen and jurists and writers were seen,
Where vanity madly ran riot all day;
And custom and law, in that home of the free,
Exacting, relentless, demanded that he
Must clean up the ground and remove the debris;
And he paid the cost with a temper serene.

He built him a factory down where you see
The toilers with faces all anxious and worn,
The mothers clad thinly, though cold it may be,
The children in garments all threadbare and torn;
The maimed and unfit disappeared from the scene;
Their destitute families grew hungry and lean;
He built up a fortune with temper serene,
But what did he do with his human debris?

THE TRAMPS.

Beside his open window on the prairie
The station agent ate his noonday feast;
Two hungry tramps went by in mood so merry
And said: "Report two empties goin' east."

Within a box car as the train was flying
And madly leaping as the speed increased
The tramp said sadly, as his pard was dying:
"This morning but one empty's goin' east!"

A crash, a plunge, and down beside the river
A restless, wandering spirit was released;
A mangled form, a gasp, a ghastly quiver;
And then, there were no empties goin' east!

ANNIE.

May good angels guide thee,
May woes ne'er betide thee,
Where e'er thou shalt go;
It grieves us to leave thee;
May good friends receive thee
Where e'er thou shalt go.

We ever shall love thee;
May angels above thee,
Where e'er thou shalt go,
In kindness attend thee;
Our prayers we shall send thee
Where e'er thou shalt go.

We ne'er can forget thee
What e'er may beset thee
Where e'er thou shalt go.
May joy ne'er forsake thee
But smiles overtake thee
Where e'er thou shalt go.

No more we may meet thee;
Yet glad we would greet thee;
Where e'er thou shalt go.
May nought ever grieve thee,
May no one deceive thee
Where e'er thou shalt go.

THE SHAMBLER.

The Christian who's advancing,
Whose value is enhancing,
    Will scarcely stoop
    To join the group
Who give their time to dancing.

She who abounds in praying
Will not go gaily straying
    Where fashion's dames
    Their euchre games
And bridge and whist are playing.

Those who in boundless measure
Have laid up heavenly treasure
    Eschew the plays
    Where nights and days
The worldly seek their pleasure.

At Sunday school on Sunday;
At cards or plays on Monday;
    Or else, perchance,
    A worldly dance;
A wretched salmagundi.

Do you whose Christian graces
Invite you to such places
    Seek comfort where
    The hour of prayer
Brings light to care-worn faces?

Does your responsive greeting
At every mid-week meeting
    Cheer every heart
    And bear its part
In heartfelt prayer repeating?

Do you on Sunday morning
Proclaim the timely warning
To eager youth
To seek the truth
And flee from doubt and scorning?

And when your toil-worn preacher,
The harassed, weary creature,
Has work to do
Does he choose you
As leader or as teacher?

Nay, Sister! Nay, my Brother!
Your pastor seeks another,
Who never strays
In worldly ways;
Some faithful, praying mother.

The blessed Holy Spirit
Communes with those who hear it;
But cards and plays
And worldly ways
Will never lead us near it.

These doubtful pleasures call you
Where dangers may befall you;
Too swift and sure
Their fatal lure;
And vice may soon enthrall you.

When Christians take to rambling
The road is short to shambling;
And not too long
To maudlin song
And brothel-house and gambling.

To put the matter plainly
The man is striving vainly
Who thinks to rise
Yet shuts his eyes
Then plunges down insanely.

GWENDOLYN.

When spring's gentle breezes blew in from the sea
And bird songs rang gaily in garden and tree,
Across from my window just over the way
Two sweet little children were ever at play.

I saw by their dresses, their tresses and curls
That they were two dear little frolicsome girls;
And ever it happened that day after day
Dear Gwendolyn hastily scampered away.

She seemed not to have any object in view
Except to be gone, and she merrily flew;
She oft left her sister at play on the lawn
And followed the path that her father had gone.

She left in the roadway her wee little track;
And often she turned as she ran and looked back,
Well knowing the mother's soft, sheltering arm
Would soon shield her wandering darling from harm.

One day when she wandered she came to me here
And jumped in my lap without scruple or fear,
And nestled her little face close to my breast
Just as a wee birdie asleep in its nest.

Then hearing the call of her mother she ran,
As if the return were a part of the plan,
And, putting her hand in her mother's she smiled
The heavenly smile of an innocent child.

We dreamed not that when the June roses would bloom
And gladden that child with their tints and perfume,
The wander-lust call would entice her away
To wander where only the angels may stray.

O, sweet, little bird, whither now is she flown,
So far from her dear ones, her loved and her own,
Her wee little sister with tears in her eyes,
Who asks for her playmate with sobbing and sighs?

O, there in the way is her wee little track,
She calls, she awaits them, she ever looks back—
No fear in her heart and no tears in her eyes,
Awaiting her mother up there in the skies.

O, mother! O, father! Your spirits attune
To hear the sweet voice that grew silent in June
Where heaven's sweet symphonies ever are sung
And ever employ your dear Gwendolyn's tongue.

A WISH.

O, would we could sing with the bards of the ages
  Inspiring the hearts of the millions of earth,
The tyrants and patriots, prophets and sages,
  To value all men at their ethical worth!

O, could we but love as our dear, blessed Master,
  All mortals in spite of their leanness of soul,
The great day would hasten still faster and faster
  When gladness would reign far as sea billows roll!

Or plead as an angel in words that were burning
  With mortals to flee the attractions of sin
Ere the mills of the gods, although slow in their turning,
  Crush all whom the tempter can gather within!

O, that we could sing as at dawn of the morning
  The mocking bird flings its proud notes to the skies
And send to the fallen of earth the glad warning
  To flee to the One that can help them arise!

Or had we the wisdom of prophets and sages
To lead erring mortals, the weak and the strong,
The base and depraved of all ranks and all ages,
To cleave to the right and to flee from the wrong!

O, that we might fly on a Heaven-born pinion
With swiftness and ken of an angel of light,
Wherever apostles of wrong have dominion
And shatter their thrones in defense of the right!

Or could we but go where the greedy despoiler
Lays tribute on homes where the mother hearts bleed,
Or filches the earnings of many a toiler,
And stay his strong hand when the fatherless plead!

MAGGIE.

The water was gone and their strength was gone,
And the sun blazed out on high;
They mounted the horses and hurried on,
While a furnace glowed in the sky;
The heart grew faint as the men of brawn
Well knew that the end was nigh.

Deserting poor Maggie, the friendless squaw,
Whose husband was lying there dead,
Those men of the desert where might was law,
Took their children and wives and fled.

She begged to be taken along with their wives.
She looked in their eyes and plead.
They said they would save no Indians' lives—
That all the good Indians were dead;
That nothing of good in the heart e'er thrives
When the hue of the skin is red.

One look where the Indian was lying low,
  One plaintive and piercing wail,
And Maggie was off in the furnace glow,
  And followed the blistering trail.

The riders all reckless too rashly rode
  In search of a spring or well;
And, roasted and crushed by their heavy load,
  The famishing horses fell.

Where deeply the sun had impressed its stamp
  Those men of true pluck and brawn
Afoot struggled on in a fruitless tramp
  Till half of the night was gone;
And Maggie arrived in the parching camp
  Not far from the hour of dawn.

When morning appeared and the scorching breath
  Swept down from the blazing sky
And burned every living thing to death,
  A terrible fate seemed nigh.

Away went the men through the burning sands
  In search of the far-off springs,
With blistering faces and feet and hands,
  And fear of more dreadful things.
O, braver the hearts of the desert lands
  Than the hearts in the homes of kings!

The women remained to await their fate,
  Exposed to the raging heat,
With nothing to drink, though their thirst was great,
  And scarcely a morsel to eat.

No shield from the sun but an outspread shawl;
  And none from the earth beneath;
And no one but Maggie to hear their call,
  Or weave them a funeral wreath.

As morn disappeared and the noonday came
  And the sun-dogs began to play
The pitiless heaven seemed all aflame,
  And perishing there they lay;
While tender maiden and stronger dame
  All flung their garments away.

Their courage was gone and their hope was gone;
  Their tongues were swollen and dry;
A red-hot wind, since the early dawn,
  Had blown from the brazen sky;
And Maggie sat silent as hours dragged on,
  And nought remained but to die.

They made up their minds as the moments passed
  And famishing there they lay
To start for the spring, and the die was cast;
  No longer there they would stay;
They said they would tramp through the fiery blast,
  Though perish they might by the way.

And painfully crawling along they went,
  Along on the burning sands;
Their single garment was torn and rent,
  And bloody their feet and hands;
Their flesh was torn and their blood was blent
  With tears where the cactus stands.

And when they no longer had strength to creep
  They dug a trench in the ground,
And covered themselves from the sun's full sweep
  Till water and help could be found;
Or where if they sank to their final sleep
  They'd lie till the last trump's sound.

Though used to the desert as years went by,
  To thirst and a fading trail,
Old Maggie looked up at the blazing sky,
  And her courage appeared to fail.

She gave but a glance where the women lay
  That gave little clue to her mind,
And over the desert she took her way,
  And never once looked behind.

The wind became still and the desert air
  Lay hot as a boiling wave;
The famishing women in blank despair
  Lay there in a living grave;
One lost her reason and tore her hair,
  With no loving hand to save.

Far over the hills by a desert spring
  Their husbands had lain all day,
Unable to stand or attempt to bring
  Supply where the women lay.

And there when the evening shadows fell
  As hot as Gehenna's breath,
The moment drew nigh when no tongue could tell
  The tragical tale of death.

When all became still as the home of the dead,
  And scarcely a pulse was stirred,
A weary, a feeble, and stealthy tread
  Along the hot trail was heard.

No hand was lifted, no eye looked up,
  So low was the current run;
But parched lips drank from the brimming cup,
  And Maggie's brave work was done.

Three days in the blistering, blasting heat
  The women were forced to stay;
And over the trail where the sun's rays beat
  Old Maggie brought water each day,
While sorely she yearned to direct her feet
  To where the dead Indian lay.

THE CIRCLE LETTER.

Some bonnie dear letters came to-day,
A bunch as thick as your hand,
All pinned together in a careless way;
And though they had met six months' delay,
As if they had been to far Cathay,
Those little old letters were grand.

And I read those letters o'er and o'er,
I read them one by one;
And my heart was stirred to its inmost core
By the welcome words from friends of yore,
Some of whom, no doubt, I shall see no more,
Till we meet at last on the viewless shore,
When our earthly walk is done.

Then back through the misty years I went,
To seventy-two to eight;
When some of our bonniest hours were spent,
Ere any of us with care was bent,
When sorrow and care to the rear were sent—
The years when we paid no freight.

So warm were the words, so full of cheer,
So rollicking, jolly, and bright,
That each fellow's voice I seemed to hear
As often I heard it bland and clear
In many a sunny, bygone year;
They jostle my heart clean out of gear,
So wildly it throbs to-night.

But fellows, alas! I dinna ken
Why Tommy should cut us out;
I wrote him to join us, wrote again,
But got not a word, no scratch of pen,
From Tommy, the best of princely men,
The Tommy I never could doubt.

But here's to the one we leave behind,
The Tommy we all loved well;
A boy with a heart so good and kind;
A man with a vigorous, healthy mind;
The man with a spirit twice refined;
Whose word was as good as a bond when signed,
Our bonnie dear boy, farewell.

And here's to the fellows that go along,
That sail in the same old boat;
That stay with the crowd whether right or wrong;
That sing whether sombre or glad the song;
That hammer the drum or bang the gong,
To keep the old vessel afloat.

We sailed in the same boat long ago,
When bright shone the morning sun;
We pulled at the oar in the early glow,
When swift was the current's onward flow,
And nothing there was to make life slow,
When the race was scarce begun.

We lingered a while on the river side
Where the fairest flowers grew;
We leisurely drifted with the tide
And slowly allowed our craft to glide;
Then pulling the throttle open wide
We sang as we onward flew.

And then when the heat of the day was come
We found there was work to do;
We landed the boat and smashed the drum;
We shattered the gong and left it dumb;
We hustled in earnest and made things hum;
We gathered the harvest and wasted some;
Till now we are tired and somewhat bum
And are looking around for the crew.

And there in the west is the setting sun,
  And the night is drawing nigh;
All ready is the boat for the homeward run,
So hurry aboard and join the fun
Ere the race is finished and the day is done,
  And we're called to our home on high.

Quite frail is the boat and rough is the way,
  And some one may soon be lost;
So steady on your oars and pull, I say;
And sing a merry song while yet you may,
For some one may sink 'neath the wave to-day,
  And the rest be tempest tossed.

So jolly old fellows, don't break away,
  As long as the bark will float;
I know we are old and turning gray,
We have shot our wads and played our play,
Have been frazzled out for many a day,
And soon, whether we vote yea or nay,
  We'll sail for a shore remote.

But let's whoop it up for a short time yet,
  Ere the old craft runs aground;
Ere shadows grow long and the sun shall set;
Don't worry and stew and fume and fret,
And scramble for gold till there's none to get;
Don't gather in fish till you break your net;
Put up an old sign, "A Farm to Let,"
And stay in the house when it's cold and wet;
Sing like an old tar or a young soubrette;
Be merry as when of old we met;
And whate'er you do, boys, don't forget
  Your Servant when his sleep is sound.

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THE QUEEN?

In beauty she sat with the king on the throne;
The peer of the proudest in jewels she shone;
In living for pleasure
The peer beyond measure
Of any fair mortal men ever had known;
The peer in her notion,
That steadfast devotion
To earth's gilded ways will bring mortals their own.

She bowed at her shrine; yea, quite proudly she trod
The pathway that led to the temple of God;
In strictest seclusion,
Disdaining intrusion
Of mortals ignobly allied to the clod,
She learned of her duty
'Mid splendor and beauty,
While meekly the millions passed under the rod.

Each day on her wardrobe was spent enough gold
To clothe and feed scores that went hungry and cold;
She knew they were dying,
She knew they were crying
For raiment and food for the sick and the old,
Yet scattered her treasure
In frivolous measure,
And lavish expenses too great to be told.

She talked with the learned, the wise and the great,
Who guided in safety the Church and the State,
Whose golden opinions
Throughout her dominions,
Were sought by the wise for their value and weight,
Then gave to her dresses,
And gem-bedecked tresses,
Her time and her money both early and late.

She often had more than one dress for each day;
And once having worn one she cast it away;
Gores, gussets, and creases,
'Twas taken to pieces,
And sent piece by piece to the giddy and gay;
She wasted thus gaily
Full gold enough daily
To build a small schoolhouse where riot held sway.

Her elegant kennels were cozy and clean,
And stood where the lawns and the trees were kept green;
The food was inspected,
And nothing neglected
To keep the dear quadruped inmates serene;
Their numbers exceeded,
For oft they were needed
To drive away folks that were hungry and lean.

The owner came often and fondled them there,
Where bright was the sunshine and pure was the air;
And oft they went riding
While modestly hiding
Beneath the warm cloaks of an ermine-clad pair,
While down in the crowded
And shadow-enshrouded,
Congested environs were want and despair.

Her stables were spacious, expensive, and fine;
Her equerries drank but the choicest of wine;
The stud was extensive,
And all was expensive,
And millions were spent with ignoble design,
Amid the down-trodden,
The stolid and sodden,
Who hopelessly lived but to fret and repine.

Her yachts were the swiftest that flew o'er the wave;
And nothing was spared that the wealth of earth gave

To add to their beauty;
She thought it her duty
To squander the millions that taxpayers gave
To add to the pleasure,
In infinite measure,
Of those who earned nothing from birth to the grave.

Superbly her palaces towered on high,
Where bloom-bordered lakelets lay under the sky;
And coziest bowers,
And sweet-scented flowers,
Shed fragrance and beauty as days drifted by;
While many a mother,
Or wee little brother,
In wretched surroundings was fated to die.

Her levees were made up of people who spurned
The things with which people should most be concerned,
Who wasted their treasure
In following pleasure,
In sowing the seed that in folly returned,
While heartlessly reaping
What others in weeping,
And sorrow and stern self-denial had earned.

Her life drifted on like a beautiful dream;
Its joys and its pleasures to her were supreme;
No tears for the dying,
No cheer for the sighing,
And suffering ones that Christ died to redeem;
She saved her emotion,
And tender devotion,
For those she thought worthy of queenly esteem.

Her life was a symphony sung, but unheard;
No soul was enraptured, no noble thought stirred;
No dark sky was rifted,
No soul was uplifted;

Her life was mere emptiness smutted and blurred;
Its beauties were wasted,
Its sweetness untasted—
The dark shadows lingered and hope was deferred,

She thought she was like a proud bird in its flight,
That soared through the regions of glory and light,
While birds that were rarest,
Of plumage the fairest,
Alone were permitted to bask in her sight,
And felt that all others,
The kites and their brothers,
Ignobly should fly to the regions of night.

She knew not and dreamed not that worthy men knew
Where birds of fair plumage and sweet singers flew;
And never suspected
Such men had rejected
Her false claim to fly in the skies fair and blue;
And thought it more fitting,
That she should go flitting
Like bats in the darkness where noisome things grew.

And worthy men knew that the feathers of gold
That decked her proud flock, if the truth were but told,
Were plucked so unkindly
From owners who blindly
Submitted and meekly went half-clad and cold;
Their costliest winings,
And daintiest dinings,
Were taxed on the toil of the young and the old.

She lived and she died in a temper serene,
'Mid gardens of beauty and bowers of green;
And though she was gifted,
Yet idly she drifted,
And floated with flotsam where wreckage was seen;
Exalted in station,
Adored by the Nation,
Yet, tell me, dear reader, oh! was she a queen?

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

My feet have grown weary, my eyes become dim;
And over my pathway all rugged and grim,
With ominous greeting
The shadows are fleeting;
The darkness creeps over the earth's distant rim,
And tells me my roaming
Will end in the gloaming,
Where Baca's dark flood fills its banks to the brim.

As quietly gather the shades of the night,
And earthly and sordid things fade from the sight,
Then nearer and nearer,
And clearer and clearer,
The great and eternal things, love, truth, and right,
And self-abnegation,
And conquered temptation,
Transcendently shine with a glorious light.

And things that have long been imperfectly seen,
Shine out as the stars in their grandeur serene;
The fruit of denial;
And conflict and trial;
The pain and the sorrow that oft intervene,
So dimly revealing,
And often concealing
The arm on which man may confidingly lean.

The faith and obedience constantly taught,
The happy achievement, the victories wrought,
In patience or meekness,
In strength or in weakness,
When God's revealed will is implicitly sought,
Shine out in those pages
That tell how the sages
And prophets their battles triumphantly fought.

Mysterious things at first shrouded in gloom
Unfold as the petals and burst into bloom
With rich exhalations,
And pure emanations,
Of healing and beauty and precious perfume;
A sweet-smelling savor
Of God's loving favor
To sweeten and brighten the road to the tomb.

Things difficult once for the heart to believe,
And things that the carnal mind could not perceive,
In faith's clearer vision,
And years of decision,
No more their false web of deception could weave;
But brightened with beauty
The pathway of duty,
Enabling the pilgrim lost years to retrieve.

The specious, insidious, clamorous belief,
As bold as a robber, yet sly as a thief,
Which, false and misleading,
So often comes pleading,
That faith will assist us, but reason is chief—
Is but a deceiver
To guide the believer
To danger from maelstrom, rock, shallow, and reef.

This hoary belief is as false as the years;
Yet ofttimes in truth's stolen garb it appears,
And gets recognition
And lofty position
Among those that pose as true teachers and seers,
And dialecticians,
And clever logicians,
But flee when confronted with penitents' tears.

On this false belief men erect with great care
Their structures and systems imposing and fair;

Men noted for learning,
Sagacious, discerning,
When searching the Scriptures audaciously dare,
To lay their foundations
In ratiocinations,
And leave out the cornerstone, heart-searching prayer.

The scholar who searches for spiritual truth
To spread as a feast before hungering youth,
Armed mainly with reason,
Is guilty of treason;
And scatters the seeds that will burgeon in ruth;
The scholarly critic
Spreads virile, mephitic,
Seductive, destructive ideas, in sooth.

When God's revealed will by His Children is heard,
Unless our proud hearts into vaunting are stirred,
God's chastening spirit,
If meekly we hear it,
Will show us the things that are taught in His Word;
And safely will guide us,
And tenderly hide us,
Where faith is not shaken and hope not deferred.

DYING.

They say he is dying, his life ebbs away,
Where Florida's zephyrs are sighing;
The Brother who went with me oft to my play,
When far from our door my wee feet could not stray;
Who gave me support in each boyish affray,
Lies weak and emaciated, wrinkled and gray,
Where orange trees bloom and all nature is gay,
While peacefully, patiently dying.

He dies as he lived with his spirit at peace;
And peace will depart from him never;
From pain and from toil he will soon find release;
No more shall vexation and burdens increase;
His heart-throbs and sorrows will soon find surcease;
Surcease, yes, forever and ever.

We roamed the same wood and inhaled its perfume;
We plucked the same flowers in the wild wood;
We saw the same jaybird despoiled of its plume;
We chased the same flying squirrel on to its doom;
We saw the same ghost as it stalked through the gloom;
We watched the same winding blades, hackle and loom,
As Mother worked on in the old lumber room,
When heart was aglow and the cheek was abloom,
Amid the sweet days of our childhood.

We played by the side of the same little rill
That ran through the yard down the hollow;
We knew where the winter green grew on the hill;
Where wood-peckers bored in the tree with the bill;
We knew the best place for a wee flutter-mill,
Though often to make one would baffle our skill,
And sad disappointment would follow.

When spent was my strength or unsteady my arm,
He hastened at once to my calling;
When aught intervened to disturb or alarm,
At school, or at home, or at play on the farm;
When moral delinquency threatened to harm;
Or boyish beguilements were ready to charm,
His steadiness kept me from falling.

When childhood was gone he still stood by my side,
A shield and support in temptation;
When waywardness welled as an incoming tide,
And youthful integrity sorely was tried,
On his steady counsel I always relied,
And found him a safe and reliable guide;
His life was a true inspiration.

And when I endeavored to open the door
  That leads to the temple of learning,
He guided my feet to the measureless lore
That men have collected and laid up in store;
And taught me to trust and rely on him more,
And value his help more than ever before,
As patiently, earnestly onward he bore,
  With never a shadow of turning.

And later when childhood and youth were both gone,
  And pathways untried lay before us,
In trust and affection we still journeyed on;
While struggling up higher to life's brighter dawn
Of Christian-like stamina, fibre, and brawn,
He stood where the line of uprightness was drawn,
  And knew God's protection was o'er us.

When manhood arrived with new visions of joy,
  Arrived in its strength and its beauty,
It showed in our Brother no touch of alloy,
But brought the same virtues he showed when a boy,
  The same strict adherence to duty.

His life was a guide and a stay to my feet,
  A constant, a real benediction;
With modest good works his whole life was replete;
His walk ever upright, his conduct discreet;
He won every heart 'twas his fortune to meet;
For man and for beast his warm heart kindly beat,
  In joy or in grief and affliction.

Long years have gone by since I looked in his face,
  That brought him both gladness and sorrow;
But doubtless his growth has been upward in grace;
To still higher virtues the lower gave place;
Not one upward step could he ever retrace;
  Each day not so good as the morrow.

Magnificent man, his whole life was sublime,
And worthy the world's imitation;
As good at his worst as most men at their prime,
He traversed the heights that not many may climb,
And builded a Mansion to stand for all time,
With Christ as the only foundation.

He stood for the right when his standing was play,
When standing for right was the fashion;
He stood for the right in the thick of the fray,
When currents were running the opposite way,
When men had to battle to carry the day,
When men were disturbed and unreason held sway,
Amid the wild whirlwinds of passion.

He dies as the grain at the harvest time dies,
When ripe and full ready for reaping;
His work is well done; he is winning the prize;
He now is cut down, but he soon will arise
To garner the treasure laid up in the skies,
Where loved ones and lost ones shall gladden his eyes,
And where there's no sorrow or weeping.

Our Brother is going, he's crossing the bar.
Far out o'er the sea he is sailing,
The soft winds are wafting his vessel afar;
The white sails grow less like a vanishing star;
No tempest will gather the voyage to mar;
No lightning will shiver the mast or the spar;
Serenely he sails without tremor or jar,
To regions where loved and departed ones are,
And youth ever blooms without failing.

And we are bereft, we are robbed of our own,
To journey alone in our sorrow
Through paths where the brambles and thistles have grown,

From which the bright sunshine and songbirds have flown,
Where rudely the winds of chill autumn have blown,
And may blow more rudely to-morrow.

POWDER AND BALL.

The ships sailed on in a crescent line,
And proudly they threw the spray
Where slowly the gulls flew over the brine,
Some seven-score ships, they say;
But our blazing alarms
Had aroused to arms,
And our fighters were on the way.

Our old seadogs! We could hear them growl
Ere the Spaniard came in sight;
And whether the day was fair or foul,
As they gathered to join in fight
Where the war ships rode
They plainly showed
The battle would not be light.

Though Spain was ahead in guns and ships,
Ahead in the number of men,
We knew when the Anglo-Saxon grips
He wins if it's one to ten;
So waiting the day
Like a beast of prey
We watched through the night again.

The morning dawned and the day was fair;
The wind blew over the sea;
The Spanish ships of the line were there,
And close to the ships were we;
We fought them a turn,
Till stem and stern
They were bloody as ships could be.

We shot four shots to their one that day;
They luffed and they said: "Come on!"
We gave our shots and we sailed away;
We riddled them, then were gone;
They opened their eyes
With extreme surprise
At both our skill and our brawn.

We shot, we tacked, and we ran away;
We sailed to the windward sea;
We ran two knots to their one that day;
They thought we had turned to flee;
They did not know
That down below
No powder and shot had we.

"My God!" said the captain, "can we win?"
But the gale swept in from the sea
And down went the Spaniard's mast with a din
And over his deck went we;
And down in the hold
Were casks of gold
And tons of powder, you see.

And quickly we sent the powder around
To men who were in despair,
And then all at once they began to pound
The galleons sailing there;
And the Dons could see
We never would flee
As our wild cheers rent the air.

And just off Portland motionless lay
Both fleets as the sun rose high;
But we knew the sea breeze soon would play
A tune from the western sky;
But down in the hold
The story was told—
No powder and shot had they.

And back from the admiral came the word,
No powder to fight that day,
While there was the Spaniard spry as a bird;
And we in idleness lay,
While the Queen had all
The powder and ball
Locked up in the Tower, they say.

A courier went from the admiral's ship
And plead with the Queen, did he;
But she held the keys so tight in her grip
That vainly he pressed his plea;
Ammunition had she
Under lock and key,
But none for the men at sea.

"Go back to the admiral, sailor," said she,
In the presence of courtiers and all—
"Go back to the admiral, sailor, and see
What proportion of powder and ball!"
And the courier sped
Where the decks were red,
And our banner seemed ready to fall.

And the admiral swore at the sailor and said:
"Great God! What a Queen is she!
Our ships are bloody, and our men are dead,
And powder under lock and key!
She has money and food
For her sycophant brood,
But no powder for the men at sea!"

The sailor rode back and we had our way,
For the Tudor was more serene;
We got the powder, and we won the day;
We swept out the Channel clean;
Though hardly half fed
Our Englishmen bled
And triumphed in spite of the Queen.

THE SUNDAY WORKER.

You say that Sunday's for man, Jim,
And you're going to work if you choose;
That you'll hustle as long as you can, Jim,
That you have little time to lose.

You say that your time is your own, Jim,
And you'll work or you'll play as you please;
That you never bow down at the throne, Jim,
Nor waste any time on your knees.

That God doesn't punish a man, Jim,
For having a way of his own;
But follows a far better plan, Jim,
By leaving a man all alone.

You say you will not take His word, Jim,
When He tells us that we must obey;
That such a command is absurd, Jim;
And you simply will have your own way.

Some others have felt the same way, Jim,
And risked everything on the deal;
They simply refused to obey, Jim,
And cared not for woe or for weal.

When Noah's good neighbors of old, Jim,
Perversely refused to obey,
God gave them their way, we are told, Jim,
And floods quickly swept them away.

Old Pharaoh defiantly said, Jim,
That Israel should never be free;
But wept when his first born was dead, Jim,
His chariots whelmed in the sea.

And Hiel refused to obey, Jim,
When Jericho's walls were rebuilt;
But when his two sons passed away, Jim,
He saw the result of his guilt.

King Saul just refused to obey, Jim,
Commands that he knew were divine;
And God took his kingdom away, Jim,
For filching some sheep and fat kine.

The tale is too long to rehearse, Jim,
Where penalties fell upon men
Too heedless, too blind and perverse, Jim,
Though cautioned again and again.

And men have too often believed, Jim,
That God had withdrawn from the world;
And frequently men are deceived, Jim,
And think that His banner is furled.

The Jews said that He had withdrawn, Jim,
And set up false gods of their own;
And bowed down at darkness and dawn, Jim,
To idols of wood and of stone.

But when by fair Babylon's streams, Jim,
Their harps on the willows were hung,
They found their opinions were dreams, Jim,
And wept while their songs were unsung.

SANTA ANA COMMANDERY, K. T.

You may think of me when you please, men,
Down there by the sunlit sea;
But down where we took our degrees, men,
Is a bonnie old place for me.

You may care not whether I float, men,
When my bark sails out to sea;
But down where we rode the goat, men,
How merry we used to be!

Some time when your spirits droop, men,
Or when every heart is free,
When you whoop it up with a whoop, men,
Oh, sing a merry song for me.

We shall soon be sailing away, men,
Far over a chartless sea,
Do you know where you're going, oh, say, men,
Do you know where your port will be?

Enroll on the Christian's ship, men!
No other can sail the sea
We must cross on the final trip, men,
To where the great Conclave's to be.

Over yonder beneath the trees, men,
In a lodge where the heart is free,
Where we take our higher degrees, men,
Don't you fail to meet with me.

THE DREAMER.

I stood by the Judæan mountains
Where terebinths spread to the sky,
Where poppy-worts grew by the fountains,
And saw the glad dreamer go by.

Where Dothan's fair meadows were growing,
And brother hearts callous as steel,
Where well-favored cattle were lowing,
I heard a heartrending appeal.

Where Ishmaelite rovers were lying
Beneath the cold Syrian sky,
Where Israel's lone captive was sighing
Ascended a piteous cry.

From Potiphar's house with its glory
There went up a cry of despair,
Till faith gently whispered the story
That Israel's Jehovah was there.

Then humbly, in byways of duty,
Consoling each grief and each sigh,
Then clothed with all grandeur and beauty,
Again the glad dreamer went by.

THE COLUMNS.

(Missouri University Building, burned several years ago.)

Yes, there are the columns, still standing upright
With ivy vines clambering o'er them;
They stand there as grim through the day and the night
As when we first stood there before them.

It's thirty-three years now since you and I trod
The pathway that guided us to them;
And many dear fellows now under the sod
Were dear to us there where we knew them.

What measure of bitterness, sorrow, and tears,
What downfalls and what dissipation
Have come to that crowd in those thirty-three years!
What honors and what elevation!

Oh, would that men stood, that we ever could stand
As firm as those columns of granite,
As true to the purpose for which we were planned
And sent to possess this old planet.

Then, when this old world shall be crumbled to dust
And sent to the limbo of chaos,
We grandly would stand with the true and the just
Where sin never more could betray us.

But men are unlike the firm columns of stone,
Unmoved in the sweep of the ages;
They're more like the clay or the chaff that is blown,
Swept off by each tempest that rages.

You ask me where now are Court Yantis and Jay,
Choate, Wheeler, Babb, Mike, and the others,
Louis Hoffman, Rash Feagans, Buck Berry, and Gray,
And Sherman, all dear as our brothers?

Some linger here yet, but their footsteps are slow,
While quietly seeking for knowledge;
And some are promoted, as you and I know,
And passed to a more advanced college.

They sat with the Sophs and the Freshmen no more,
Their ties with the Juniors were broken;
They distanced the Seniors; they passed on before;
Their final farewells were all spoken.

They sang a new song ere they hasted away;
They said their good-bys at the station;
The moment had come, and they could not delay,
To meet a new matriculation.

All pale were their faces and dim were their eyes,
And folded their hands when they started;
They silently went to that school in the skies,
And left their friends here broken-hearted.

They'll never come back from that school far away,
Though ceaseless and sore is our yearning;
Matriculates enter, but graduates stay,
Nor sigh for the day of returning.

But were they all ready to enter that school?
  Were some without due preparation?
Dear fellows, they had to submit to the rule,
  And went to the examination.

Dear fellows! We do not know how they stood there,
  Where closely their work was inspected,
How many of them were shut out in despair,
  Marked down and shut out as rejected.

Matriculates there had to do their own work;
  There was no depending on cronies;
No chances were given to cheat or to shirk
  Or dig out their lessons with "ponies."

Their entrance depended on labor well done,
  Through years of hard toil and devotion,
On self-sacrifice since their work had begun
  Without any thought of promotion.

And soon we shall stand where those dear fellows stood,
  And either be passed or rejected,
With no opportunity then to make good
  The chances we may have neglected.

THE OLD DINNER HORN.

Oh, do you recall it, the little tin horn?
  Ah, well, very well I remember;
When far, far afield in the meadow or corn,
With spirit aglee or with spirit forlorn,
Our labor grew near the fag-end of the morn,
Of all earthly sounds to persuade or to warn,
Its tone was the sweetest heard since I was born,
  In April, in June, or November.

Oh, glad was the heart and so swift were the feet,
And blithely our spirits were flowing;
The forest was gay and the flowers were sweet
Whenever its welcome tones called us to eat,
When that dear old horn we heard blowing.

Sometimes in my musings I picture the day
When first that old horn was set blowing;
The bonnie wee girls that came in from their play
And wanted to tote the new tooter away,
Their dress not so modern and eke not so gay;
The same girls whose heads are now sprinkled with gray,
Who soon to their rest will be going.

Or was it before any bairnies had come
That olden time home to make brighter?
Ere Mother's old spinning wheel started to hum;
Ere trouble and toil were the chief of life's sum;
Ere girlhood gave place to life's weary humdrum;
Those years when her burdens were lighter?

It may be our grandmother brought it along
One day when she came with her sewing;
While in from the hayfield were wafted a song,
The ring of the crum-crick in merry ping-pong,
The swish of the scythe in arms steady and strong,
From where the haymakers were mowing.

And whence came the money that settled the bill?
Or was the bill paid in hard money?
It might be that Father rode over the hill
Conveying an old-fashioned grist to the mill
And eke to the store with a hearty good will
Some eggs or a few pounds of honey.

And when at the eve he came home from the mill
And brought home the grist from the milling,
He brought the old horn to his bride on the hill
Awaiting him there with her heart all athrill,
Dressed plainly in linsey with never a frill,
But ready for cooing and billing.

And then for amusement they tested it there,
While standing outside in the gloaming,
With hair-raising screeches and heathenish blare,
Alarming the neighbors and splitting the air,
And giving the cattle and horses a scare
That sent them skyhooting and roaming.

Or maybe he wandered along by the shore,
Where old wooden vessels were lying,
In Baltimore, where he had gone in the yore
To market his cattle and sheep by the score,
And bought the old horn at an olden time store;
And over the rivers and mountains he bore
The gift till he met his young bride at the door,
Where, toiling with old-fashioned gusset and gore,
She sweetly sat waiting and sighing.

Gone, gone is our grandmother, gone to her rest,
Who chided us times, without number;
But chiding or blessing she did for the best;
She did her whole duty at Heaven's behest;
She slumbers at rest in the Isles of the Blest,
And peaceful and sweet is her slumber.

And gone are the couple that stood by the gate
And blew the old horn in the gloaming;
They toiled for the bairnies both early and late,
When young in their prime and when old and sedate;
They went at the call, they submitted to fate;
And long are the years to the bairnies who wait,
And weary their feet in their roaming.

And weary the heart and so dreary the day,
And lonely the road we are going;
And slowly the feet tread the long, dusty way;
The flowers are dead and the forest is gray;
The music is sad, touch the chords as they may;
And hushed are the voices forever and aye
We heard when the old horn was blowing.

And gone is the horn with our halcyon days;
  Its dust with our lost ones is sleeping;
It vanished away in the mist and the haze;
Its echoes are dead, buried deep in the maze
Of childhood's sweet land, where we wistfully gaze,
As fade its fair heights in the sun's dying rays,
  While nought comes to us but our weeping.

JOHN OF TYRONE.

Old John of Tyrone, dear old John of Tyrone,
Come out of the silence, come unto your own,
  And tell us the tales in your keeping;
The stories they told you when you were a chap
And all cuddled down in your fair mother's lap,
  Told often in sighing and weeping.

Oh, where were your grandfathers, John of Tyrone,
When William of Orange came unto his own
  Amid much confusion and bustle?
Stood they with our William when over he came
To win him a crown and establish his name,
  And give bonnie Jamie the hustle?

When England's false friends were debasing the coin,
When England's true monarch was winning the Boyne,
  Where were they? Out houghing the cattle?
Were they with our William when Boyne was at flood
And William for England shed Protestant blood?
  Or with Bonnie Jamie in battle?

And when the Stuart star in adversity set
When exile and penury were to be met,
  Was that the sad day of their weeping?
Or rode they in triumph as William passed by
With England's proud banner unfurled to the sky,
  Where William's grave cohorts were sweeping?

And when those brave soldiers for country and God,
Shut up within walls of old Erin's green sod,
Fought nobly in old Londonderry,
Did they stand for William, your worthy old sires,
Did they warn their comrades with bright beacon fires
That blazed from old Ulster to Kerry?

Were they with the heroes that won in the fight,
Or were they cut down ere the end was in sight
By slaughter, disease, or starvation?
Perhaps they returned to their families to tell
The tale of the siege and their comrades that fell,
A story of war's desolation.

When gallant Prince Rupert rode into the fray,
When Cavalier troopers were gaining the day,
Was that your old ancestors' inning?
Rode they with the Prince as he fought for the crown?
Rode they with the Prince when his foemen went down?
And triumphed they when he was winning?

And where were your ancestors, speak out and say,
When Cromwell's grim troopers dismounted to pray,
And went from their knees to their fighting?
Did they for the king and the monarchy fight?
Or did they with Oliver cleave with their might,
The foes of their Commonwealth smiting?

And when the Armada was swept on your shores,
And broken and pillaged and robbed of its stores,
As wildly the tempests were brewing,
Did they smite the jewel-decked grandees of Spain,
And harry and torture and murder for gain?
Was that the red work of their doing?

Or were they at home by their fanes and their fires,
Instructing their families, your good Celtic sires,
In doctrines of faith and election,
While baser men down by the tempest-wracked main
Were luring and looting the galleys of Spain
That fled to the Celt for protection?

And tell us, old man, when the heretic creed
Swept in by the breeze that blew over the Tweed
  And paralyzed Erin with terror,
Came they with the fagot, the sword, and the spear
To slice away heretic finger or ear
  And save Papal Erin from error?

Or were they consumed by a Calvinist zeal
And were they impelled to use Protestant steel
  To forward the work of the Spirit?
Perhaps they believed that all things were foreknown;
The Word was ordained for the chosen alone,
  And no non-elect need to hear it.

Come out of the silence, old John of Tyrone,
Come out where your children are waiting alone
  To hear you tell over your story;
The story you heard in the vanishing years
Of torture and death, and of sorrow and tears,
  Of deeds that were tragic and gory.

THE TEST.

(From Private Memoirs.)

A lady, fair, youthful, and witty,
  Once dined in the home of a peer
Amid the elite of the city,
  Where stately St. Peter's stood near.

Her lover, rich, handsome, and loyal,
  Devotedly sat by her side;
Her lover, who gallant and royal,
  Was waiting to make her his bride.

The table talk drifted to scaling
  St. Peter's dome clear to the top;
Her lover asserted, while paling,
  That if he should try it he'd drop.

"Not for the whole world!" he said plainly;
"Not if I should ask it?" she cried;
"I know you would not!" he said vainly;
"Excuse me, I do!" she replied.

He laughingly tried to dissuade her;
She madly insisted and won;
For, finding he could not evade her,
He said the rash thing should be done.

He went; and he won; and, returning,
She came and extended her hand;
He took it; he kissed it; discerning
That now was his time to command.

And there in the Eternal City,
With lords and fair ladies around,
He spoke in all kindness and pity,
But with no equivocal sound.

"When next you have power, pray use it;
Don't recklessly throw it away;
Don't foolishly, madly abuse it,
As you have abused it to-day!"

Then, saying "Good-by!" he departed,
As from her forever he turned,
And left the girl there broken-hearted
To ponder the lesson she'd learned.

When did I discover that I was a poet?
Alas! and alack! sir, I do not yet know it.

The standard is high, sir, that measures the poet;
And most who write verses are far, far below it!

Too few among men wield the magic to grow it,
The flower that blooms by the path of the poet!

He who gives his life where he never could owe it,
Who lavishes love and delights to bestow it,

Whose soul fills the earth and can even o'erflow it,
That man has the soul of the genuine poet!

GONE!

(Ollie, Cora, Lois, Lillie, and Gertrude.)
We saw four lambs and a kid at play
Where idly the winds were straying;
The heart was glad through the livelong day,
While gayly the lambs were playing.

The hills are brown and the grass is dead;
The night hawk loudly is crying;
The lambs are gone, and the kid has fled,
And sadly the winds are sighing!

A HERO!

It was down in Oklahoma
They sped along in the snow,
A youth and his lover, Noma,
Some dozens of years ago.

'Twas a lonely, desolate prairie
Where the Chickasaw lovers sped
To a home where the guests were merry
And the lovers were to be wed.

As the ponies were swiftly flying
And the lovers a moment mute,
They suddenly heard the crying
Of a pack of wolves in pursuit.

It was miles to the nearest dwelling,
And the Chickasaw had no gun;
And, the hungry chorus swelling,
He whipped his team to a run.

As the ponies their muscles were straining,
And the sleigh flung the snow in spray,
It was certain the wolves were gaining,
And the lovers were losing the day.

It was death for them both if they waited,
For the ravenous pack was near;
And as for a trice they debated
Sharp snaps they could plainly hear.

A kiss, and the Chickasaw, leaping,
Sprang into a living grave;
One look and the maiden was weeping
Hot tears for the Chickasaw brave.

A moment of snarling and snapping,
A war whoop there on the hill,
And loosely the lines were flapping,
And the maiden's hot pulse grew still.

On the floor of the sleigh they found her,
When the ponies arrived at the gate;
And the wedding guests gathered around her
To learn of her lover's fate.

Reviving, she told the story
Of her lover so true and brave,
Who covered his name with glory,
And went to a hero's grave.

And down there in Oklahoma,
Along the old Indian trail,
They tell the story of Noma
And her piteous midnight wail.

GREETING.

To those who besought me
When evil distraught me
  To turn from the darkness
  And seek for the light;
Who taught me my duty;
Who showed me the beauty
  That shines in the life when
  The heart is made right.

To those who have striven
And faithfully given
  Their lives for the sheep that
  Are out of the fold;
Who triumph in winning
The souls that are sinning
  To that which is purer
  And better than gold.

To those who are keeping,
In joy or in weeping,
  The path that the prophets
  And martyrs once trod;
Who joy beyond measure
In garnering treasure
  To bring at the end to
  The Storehouse of God.

FIFTY YEARS.

'Tis fifty years! O, far-off day!
  Since Father, with his troop,
From home and kindred turned away,
  A melancholy group,

And left his native pine-clad hills,
The shady dells and rippling rills
His losses to recoup
In lands beyond the setting sun,
Where fortune's quest must be begun.

War's devastating, withering hand
Pressed sorely on our brood;
But bravely Father took his stand
And daily toiled for food;
Most all his land, his herds, and gold
He'd lost through men as false as bold;
And then, in cheerful mood,
With honest heart and weary feet,
Went on his way in cold and heat.

And generous fortune kindly shed,
In later, kindlier years,
Her ample favors on his head
And paid her just arrears
In honors, quiet and content,
With other blessings sweetly blent;
And free from doubts and fears
He ever in the footsteps trod
Of Christ the blessed Son of God.

And since that melancholy day
Of all that household troop
But five are gone; eight staidly stray,
A broken, severed group;
And all have heard the Saviour's call;
And evermore his blessings fall
On silvered heads that stoop;
In joy and mirth, in grief and tears
Our God has kept us fifty years.

FAREWELL!

We must bid you farewell,
O, ye forest and dell,
Where in faraway childhood we played!
We must bid you farewell,
All ye pathways that tell
Where our way-weary footsteps have strayed!

And the plains of the West,
Where we ever could rest
On their beautiful carpet of green;
And the rivers that sweep
Far away to the deep;
We must leave that fair region serene!

And this bright land of bloom,
Orange groves, and perfume,
Where the rivers of paradise flow;
And a fair country lies
Under radiant skies,
And the opaline tints ever glow!

Fare ye well! Hill and dale,
Where the mists throw a veil,
Like enchantment from mountain to sea!
Summer land of the West,
Where the heart finds its rest,
And delight and content never flee!

And ye friends fair and true
That in lost years we knew,
That were near, O, so near to the heart;
Ye whose hands we oft pressed
In the years we loved best,
Soon the moment will come to depart!

But we go, O, we go
Where the flowers ever blow,
And the young heart can never grow old!
Where no tear dims the eye
As the ages sweep by,
And the beauty can never be told!

A PRAYER.

Father! In meekness and patience we bow,
Knowing affliction is best for us now.
Infinite Father! Compassionate Friend!
O, give us strength to endure to the end!

OH! WOULD!

O, would that these perishing bodies of ours
Could only keep pace with the spirit!
For then we would journey 'mid earth's fairest bowers
And breathe the perfume of the rarest of flowers;
For earth's filled with music from heaven's high towers,
If but we had ears that could hear it!

A VISION.

As oft I sit quietly musing
And dreaming of years that are dead,
When visions come up without choosing,
That passed with the years as they sped,
One sweet vision stays
Of long ago days,
Ere youth and its rapture were fled.

'Tis Sunday and Mother is reading
Her Bible so patiently there,
Her faith on its promises feeding,
There in her old split-bottomed chair;
While we wish to fly
Away where the sky
Sheds beauty on meadows so fair.

No matter how worn and how weary,
How cruel or bitter the strife;
No matter how dull and how dreary,
Or lonely and cheerless the life;
When hope lit the sky;
When shadows were nigh;
Or sore disappointments were rife;

When wildly the March winds were sweeping
And driving the clouds through the sky;
Or gently the summer clouds weeping
As sweetly the days drifted by;
When winter's wild blast
Grew cold as it passed,
The vision I cherish drew nigh.

This sweetly enchanting old vision
That comes from the vanishing years,
Now seems beatific, Elysian,
Though seen through a vista of tears;
A beacon of light
It guides me aright
When doubt or temptation appears.

THE HEN.

When the fire passed by
And the raging sky
Shed the coals and the embers down,
On the fire-swept ground
There the hen was found,
Scorched and lifeless, and roasted brown.

When they turned her o'er
On the forest floor
There her little ones chirped for food;
In the fiery breath
She had met her death;
She had perished to save her brood.

Unbelieving men!
If a farmer's hen
Will surrender her life for love;
For the love of you
What will Christ not do
To secure you with him above!

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